



**Wits Private Wealth and I,
Are fit Companions for good Company.**



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Are fit Companions for good Company.**

WITS
Private Wealth:
STORED
WITH CHOICE OF
COMMODITIES
TO
CONTENT the MIND.



LONDON,
*Printed for Benjamin Hurlock, and are to be sold at his Shop
over against St. Magnus Church, on London Bridge,
near Thomas Street, 1670.*

WITS

Private Wealth:

ORDER

WITH CHOICE OF

COMMODITIES

TO

CONTAIN IN MIND



LONDON

Printed for Benjamin Franklin, and are to be sold at the shop
over against St. Martin's Church, on Friday, 17th
June 1754, 1755.

*To the Right VVorshipful, my much
and much worthy beloved friend John Crooke,
Son and Heir to Sir John Crooke, Knight,
all Prosperity on Earth, and the
Joy of Heaven.*

TO present you with a long Discourse, might perhaps weary you in the Reading; and to write obscurely, might be a trouble to your understanding: To avoid therefore inconveniences, I have chosen this little piece of Labour to fit the patience of idle leisure; hoping that as in fore-ages Men of great Titles would patronize the Writing of good Studies, not regarding the estate or quality of the person; so your true spirits that can rightly judge of the nature of well-deserving, will not altogether shut my Book (with my better Service) out of your good favour. The Subjects are many, and of divers natures, but (as many Flowers in one Nosegay) they are here put together in a little Volume, which perused with that good patience that may make Profit of Experience, I hope shall give you some way contentment, and no way the contrary. But lest I make too great an Entry to a little House, I will shut the door to my speech, and only rest in some better Service:

Yours affectionately at Command,

N. BRITTON.

Piccola é la Stella chi de Lune grand.

A 3

To

To the Reader,



Of that shall happen to light on this piece of a Book, how you will or can judge of what you read, I know not: If it be well, I am glad you are pleased; if otherwise, it is past the Print and too late to be mended: many things are comprehended in a little room, and he that reads all, and takes good by none at all, I am perswaded, is either incapable or careless: To be short, such as they be, I send them to you, set down with the days of the year: in half one day you may read them, and ever after think on them as you can conceive, digest, or remember them: some of them were written by wiser men than my self, and for the rest (like Ware in a Shop) the good must help away with the bad. To conclude, I commend them with my further Love and Service, to the Favour of those spirits, that judging the best; will not say the worst: Among whom, hoping you are one to fill up the number of honest men, I rest,

Your Friend as I may,

N. B.

VVits Private VVealth.



He that takes much, and gives nothing, shall have more wealth than love.

He that gives much, and takes nothing, shall have many thanks and few friends.

He that spends his youth in whoring and dicing, may curse the bones, and cry out upon the flesh.

He that builds Castles in the Air, in hope of a new World, may break his neck ere he come to half his age.

He that meets an ill-favoured Woman in the morning fasting, 'tis odds he shall not see a worse sight before dinner.

He that telleth a lye, and binds it with an Oath, is either weak in wit, or vile in conscience.

He that braggeth much of a little worth, hath made his tongue an overthrow of his wit.

He that marrieth a rich wife and abuseth his Matrimony, will either beg among Rogues, or hang for good company.

He that cryes before he is hurt, hath learned wit to avoid pain; and he that cryeth after a hurt, must learn patience for ease.

He that oweth money, and cannot pay it, is agent for sorrow; but he that hath it, and will not pay it, is a Steward of the Devil.

He that scoffeth at God is already with the Devil, and though he walk in the World, he hath a Hell in his Conscience.

He that selleth his cloaths to be drunk with the money, will beg for age, and starve for food.

He that riseth early and maketh light meals, keeps his body in health, and his Stomach in temper.

He that makes Religion a cloak for villany, deviseth with the Devil to cozen his Soul of her comfort.

If you see a fair wench leer after you when you are past, lay your hand on your heart for fear of your purse.

If a stranger scrape acquaintance with you in some private place, think he wants wealth, or his honesty is out of tune.

He

Wise private Wealth.

He that selleth his ware, and lives by the loss; must give over his trade, or dye in a poor case.

A kind hearted man is easily abused, and a high spirited woman must be warily observed.

If you offend God, repentance will have pardon; but if you offend the Law, take heed of execution.

If you marry a Whore, make much of the horn; but if you marry a Scold, fall to your Prayers.

If you have a friend and cannot use him, you lack wit; but if you abuse his love, you want honesty.

He that ryeth his love to Beauty, may bring his heart to trouble; and he that marrieth a foul woman, doth wrong to his eye-sight.

He that will never lend, is unworthy to borrow; but he that comes into suretiship, is in the way of undoing.

If you see an offenders punishment, pray for amendment; but if a Horse-courser be hanged, it is happy for Travellers.

To give a woman her will, may be hurt to her wit; and to bridle her nature, may move passion beyond reason.

To build a house without money, is but a dream of folly; and to travel amongst thieves, is danger of life.

He that spends more than he gets, will hardly be rich; and he that speaks more than he knows, will never be counted wise.

He that least sinneth, is the best man; and he that never repenteth, is the worst.

A Prodigal spender will keep coyn from cankering, and a greedy Usurer will gnaw out the heart of a purse.

He that travelleth a strange way, had need of a guide; and if he want money, he must fare hard.

A Mouse in a Cupboard will marr a whole Cheefe, and an ill tongued woman will trouble a whole Town.

He that is given to sleep, is born to much trouble; and to over-watch nature, may be a hurt to wit.

He that leaveth the learned, to live with the ignorant; may happen upon some wealth, but he shall never be wise.

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Wise Private Wealth

An untrusty servant may rob a man of his goods, but a dogged wife will vex his heart.

If you see a Trull, scarce give her a nod; but follow her not, lest you prove a Noddy.

A courteous Physician will make much of his Patient, and Time-pleasers are no true Divines.

Strong Beer hath two contrary virtues, it will quench a thirst, and warm a stomach.

He that offends God to please a creature, is like him that killeth himself to avoid hurt.

She that loves to make Faces, may have an Ape for her School-master; and he that feeds her humours, puts his wits to much trouble.

He that loveth many, can hardly please all; and he that loveth none, is either dogged or foolish.

A Fool that is rich, shall be followed with Beggars; but the virtuous and wise are truly honourable.

He that feasteth the rich, maketh friendship with Mammon.

A Whores tears are a Fools poyson; and a thieves watch is a Travellers woe.

The shot of a Cannon makes a terrible report; but he that starts at the noise of it, will hardly prove a Souldier.

The sound of a Trumpet stirs up the spirit of a Souldier; but if his heart fails him, he will not fight.

Womens Tyres is an idle Commodity, and living by Pandarism is a roguish Profession.

Swearing and lying is much among wicked men, and yet being so little believed, I wonder they do not leave it.

A proud spirit is hateful to nature, and he that is unthankful for little is worthy of nothing.

The hopes of the virtuous make harvest in Heaven, and despair of the wicked brings their Souls to Hell.

The Spiders web is a net for a Fly, and a flattering tongue is a trap for a Fool.

The sight of a sword will affright a Coward, while a seasoned Souldier makes a Flea-bite of a wound.

Wise Private Wealth

A partial Judge makes a pitiful War, and he that trusteth an Enemy may be betrayed ere he be aware.

The Souldiers honour is got with great travel, while the Usurer tumbled in the ease of his wealth.

The true Spirit regards no dross, and he that maketh a god of his Gold, will go to the Devil like a begger.

He that leaves his spurs in his horses belly, may sit down and sigh when he is weary with walking.

He that will pass quietly through a Common-wealth, must avoid the Fool, and take heed of the Knave.

An Usurper of a Crown will breed murmurs in a Kingdom, but a wise Governour is worthy of his place.

He that cloyeth his stomach is an enemy to nature, and to overcharge wit, is an abuse to reason.

Vanity and Pride make the Fools Paradise, while love and beauty are the Nurses of Idleness.

Blessed Children are the Parents joys, while the barren womb is the curse of Nature.

A wise General and a valiant Leader, are very requisite in a Camp; but tyranny in a conquest disgraceth the Souldier.

The Glowworms belly is a candle of the Earth, and the Phoenix nest is too high for the World.

The longest day will have night at last, and age will wither the smoothest skin in the World.

The dearth of Corn makes Farmers rich, but to starve the people is the shame of a State.

No preaching in the World will make a Jew a Christian, and a Carpurse will be at his work, when the Thief is at the Gallows.

He that hath lost his eyes, may bid his friends good night; and he that is going to the Grave, hath made an end with the world.

A fair man is like Curds and Cream, and a foul woman the grief of the eyes.

A witty wanton is a pleasing mistress, but an honest housewife is the best to breed on.

He that is given to drinking is subject to the Droopie, and a liquorish Grocer will eat out his gain.

Wits Private Wealib.

A Garden is pleasant if it be full of fair flowers, so is a fair woman indued with good qualities.

A Fair flower without scent, is like a fair woman without grace.

Herbs are wholesome gathered in their time, and money well used is an excellent Metal.

If Christmas lasted all the year, what would become of Lent? and if every day were Good-Friday, the world would be weary of fasting.

The grief of the heart is a weakning of the body, but the worm of the conscience eats into the very soul.

A jest is never well broken, but when it hurteth not the hearers, and profiteth the speaker.

Hope is comfortable in absence, but possession is the true pleasure.

Words out of time are lost, and service unrewarded is miserable.

To follow Fools is the annoyance of wit, and to serve a Churl is a miserable slavery.

Variety of acquaintance is good for observation, and to make use of knowledge, proveth the sense of understanding.

Early rising gains the morning, and a dark night is the thieves watch.

A fantastick traveller is the figure of an Ape, and a proud Woman is a fools Idol.

The eye is small, yet it seeth much; and the heart but little, and yet it is the life of the body.

The hope of profit makes labour easie, and the hand of beauty wins the heart of verue.

A Candle gives a dim light in the Sun; and where *Diana* keeps her Court, *Cupid* is out of countenance.

A man is dead when he sleepeth, and darkness is the sorrow of time.

There is no true rich man but the contented, nor truly poor but the Covetous.

A weak body is not for travel, nor a simple wit for a Scepter.

No man liveth that doth not sometimes amiss, but he that delighteth in sin is a Devil incarnate.

Wits Private Wealsh

They that love their beds are great Flea-feeders, and he that spends his spirits cannot have a strong body.

The rich mans goods make him fearful to die, and the poor mans want makes him weary of his life.

The fire of anger burneth the soul, and the cold of fear chilleth the heart.

Snuff a Candle and it will burn clear, and cut off dead flesh and the wound will heal the sooner.

The heart-ach brings the body into sickness, but the worm of conscience breeds the souls torment.

Times alter nature, and honours manners; but a virtuous heart will never yield to villany.

Miseries are the tryal of patience, but love is the Master of passion.

Thought is a swift Traveller, and the soul is in heaven in an instant.

A kind nature winneth love, but a stubborn spirit is a plague to reason.

The disease of opinion doth beguile us in the taste of happiness, while the vanity of delights is but the superfluity of desires.

Patience at the point of death, sets a seal to the perfections of life.

How vain is the love of riches, which may be lost or left in an instant!

In the tryal of truth, excuse will not help dishonestly.

Try wits by their wisdom, and love them for their virtue.

Rejoyce not in any mans misery, but be pitiful to thy very enemy, and comfort the afflicted in what is fit for charity.

Follow not the amorous, for they are humorous; nor the humorous, for they are idle.

Give what thou hast frankly, and be master of thine own purse, lest base scurrility make abridgment of thy bounty.

Be not jealous without just cause, and do no wrong for any cause.

If thou dost ill, do not excuse it; if well, do not boast of it.

Nature inclined to evil, must by correction be brought to good,

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good, for discretion by instruction finds the way to perfection.

The key of wantonness openeth the door unto wickedness.

The cares of business, and the variety of pleasure, are the souls hindrance to her highest happiness.

Sin comes with conception, but grace only by inspiration.

In the repentance of sin, sorrow bringeth forth.

When pride is poyson to power, and will an enemy to patience, then envy can indure no equality, till death put an end to desire.

Greater is the grief to lose, than never to have; and to see the fall of virtue, than the death of nature.

Irrevocable is the loss of time, and incomparable the grief of ingratitude; but the abuse of love, is abhorred in nature.

When a Dog howls, an Owl sings, a Woman scolds, and a Pig cries, whether for a penny is the best musick?

Full hearts cannot weep, and swallowed sighs make swollen breasts, while wisdom covereth woes, till death cover wretchedness.

Who laboureth for Knowledge, makes a benefit of time; but he that loveth virtue, looks after Eternity.

The instruction of truth makes the wit gracious, while the practice of craft makes the heart impious.

He that makes beauty a Star, studies a false astronomy; and he that is soundly in love, needs no other purgatory.

The depth of passion, tryeth the height of patience, where if wit bridle not the senses, nature will reveal her imperfection.

The remembrance of vanities, is a reviving of miseries, where the Looking-glass of Life becomes an Hour-glass of Death.

The exercise of Venery, is the Cow-path to beggary; and he that diminisheth his stock, may go to the hedge for a stake.

The Land-lords prodigality makes the Tenants profit, and a proud Begger is a dogged Rascal.

A Cat may lose a Mouse, and catch her again; but he that loseth time, can never recover it.

When rich men die, they are buried with pomp; but when good men die, they are buried with tears.

Wit private Wealth.

Body actions make fearful visions, while the joy of peace
is the spirits paradise.

When all under the Sun is vanity, where hath virtue her
dwelling in the World, but only in the hearts of the Elect,
whose love is only in the Heavens?

An intemperate Spirit spoils the body, and a proud heart gives
a wound to the soul.

The shame of wit is folly, and the shame of nature sin.

Who travelleth out of the World to seek the truth of Heavens
History, if he be not assured of Grace, will make but an unhap-
py journey.

Comfortable is the Grave, where death is the end of grief;
but joyful is the Faith, that finds the life of Eternity.

A Knight that dares not fight, hath honour in Jest; and a
Merchant without money, may adventure for nothing.

The pinching of the body makes a stinking breath, and strait
Shoes fill the feet full of corns.

Women with child long for many things, but all the World
longs for money.

A great wit may have a weak body, and a great head but
a little wit.

The Dolphin is held the swiftest Fish in the Sea, but the
thought of a man hath no comparison in the World.

The Tyger is said to be the cruellest beast in the World, but
an Usurer upon a Bond will go to the Devil for money.

A Maiden-blush is an excellent colour, and a vertuous wit
makes a Virgin honourable.

A constant Lover is an admirable creature, but the man of
wealth goes through the World:

Offices are sweet in the nature of gain, but the abuse of an
Oath is the burden of Conscience.

A sore eye is ever running, and a Gossips tongue is ever
babbling.

Cross paths many times put a man out of his way, and cross
fortunes many times put a man out of his wits.

Great winds are dangerous at Sea, so is a Judges breath to
an offender.

Wise Private Wealth,

A friend best tried at need, and a fawning foe not to be trusted.

Beef and Mutton are strong food, and hunger the best sauce to any meat in the World.

Sickness is the bodies curb, and sorrow the minds, but unkindness in a friend, is the break-heart of a good spirit.

Necessity will break through stone walls, but to make an exercise of beggary, is the condition of a Rascal.

A patient Sword is for a bragging coward, but the Souldiers Iron makes way where it goes.

The Rareness of a Toy will set up the price, but the goodness of any thing is best esteemed with the wise.

A Bird without Feathers, will flie ill-favouredly; and a man without money, is out of heart with all mirth.

To be delivered of child, is a joy to a woman; and to be delivered from prison, is a comfort to a man: but to be delivered from sin, is the truest joy of the soul.

A forward Child is seldom long-lived, and to beget a fool is a grief to his parents.

He that cries without cause, is worthy of hurt; and he that feels no hurt, is full of dead flesh.

Travel is good for stayed wits, and a strong body is best for labour.

The rich man to fill the other bag, will pare a poor man to the very bones; but the good man will relieve his poor Neighbour at his need.

An unskilful Rider may quickly be out of the Saddle, and a poor Horse can go but softly.

Some say Tobacco is good for to purge the head, but he that followeth it well, will find it a shrewd purge to his purse.

No eye can see the brightness of the Sun, how glorious is then that Light from whence it hath light?

Many are fortunate that are not wise, but there is no man happy until he come into Heaven.

Fire and Sword are the terror of a Camp, but Thunder and Lightning are the terror of the World.

Wise Private Wealib.

A fair House is a comfortable lodging, but the sweet Air revives the senses.

A fair horse is comely to look on, but if he prove heavy, he is naught for travel.

The fires of afflictions refine the Spirits of the Faithful, and happy is the heart that endures to the end.

Many factions breed seditions, but unity and peace are the joys of a Kingdom.

An Asses bray is an unpleasant noise, but the knell of a Passing-Bell kills the heart of the wicked.

A man will forbear many things for fear of the Law, but few forbear any sin for fear of Gods judgments.

Delicate means are no strong food, but the Spring-water is clear drink.

Great assemblies are markets for the Cut-purse, but a bare purse kills his heart.

Envy among great men, makes misery of poor men; and when women breed the quarrels, they are not easily ended.

A Discreet Judge makes a blessed Law, and a patient offender is worthy of pardon.

Great boast and small roast, makes a cold kitchen; and shrugging of shoulders, is not paying of debts.

He that may live well and will not, is of a wicked nature, but he that would live well and cannot, hath his heart full of grief.

The Flies and the Bees live in swarms, and the Ants and the Worms live in heaps; but men can hardly make a Company to live in quiet.

Poysoned drink, may be in a Silver cup; and he that plucketh a Rose, may prick his hand in gathering it.

The Porpoises in the Sea will play against a storm, and many make a banquet to be rid of their guests.

The Merchant and Trading-man are upholders of a Commonwealth; but if they leave out the Farmer, they may fast for their Supper.

A discreet woman is worthy of honour, and a foolish man is the disgrace of Nature.

Burnt Children dread the fire, while old Fools play with the coals.

Wiss Private Wealib.

A ravening Cur is not good for a house; and a hawk that feeds
foul, will never be a high flyer.

He that removes a Land-mark, is a very bad neighbour, and
he that sets a Traveller out of his way is a wicked villain.

A delaying hope is grievous to the heart, but to despair, is the
greatest torment of the soul.

To lye in bed and not sleep, to see meat and have no stomach,
to serve long and get no wages, are three great miseries in the
life of man.

No Man knows a grief so well as he that hath it, and no Man
more joyfull than he that is rid of it.

It is a grief to a man to lack wit, but more grief to some to
lack grace to govern it.

An aged man is a Kalendar of experience, and a spruce youth
is like a picture.

A deadly wound makes a quick dispatch, but a lingring hope
breeds a long grief.

To meddle with state matters may be more trouble than profit,
but to part Man and Wife is a wicked practice.

At a little hole a man may see day, but if he shut his eyes, the
light will do him little good.

Horse-leeches will burst with sucking of blood, and a swelling
Toad is a venomous creature.

A Tortoise shell will hardly break, but at the least touch she
will pull in her head.

He that hath a wife, hath a charge; and he that hath a good
Wife, hath a blessing; but he that hath a bad Wife, is in a pitiful
taking.

She that loves not her Husband, lacks either honesty or wit;
and she that loves not her self, will go neer to be fluttish.

The Winters night is for the Gossips cup, and Summers heat
makes the Brewers Harvest.

The Lamb and the Dove are two pretty creatures, but the Dog
and the Hog are fallen beasts.

A Fox by nature is full of craft, while a Fool wants reason to
make use of it.

The smooth grafs will hide a Snake, and a feigned smile a false
heart.

Wits Private Wishes.

To go to Church for fashion, is an abuse of Religion; and to pray without devotion, is breath to no purpose.

Good Ink graceth a letter, but if the paper be naught, the pen will do no good.

A long dyet kills the stomach, and a desperate Purge may be a peril of life.

The Owl and the Swallow bring in Winter and Summer, but the Nightingale and the Cuckow talk only of the merry time.

Light gains make heavy purses, but he that labours for nothing, may give over his work.

He that will hold out the Year, must abide Winter and Summer; and he that will go into Heaven, must endure the miseries of the World.

To feed a jester is but a jest of wit, but he that gives not ear to a tale, it never troubles him.

When a Lyon roars, come not in his way; and when a Fox preacheth, beware the Geese.

A faithful friend is a rich jewel, and a silent woman is a strange creature.

Nature is subject to imperfection, but an Atheist is an horrible Creature.

He that lights in a Whirl-pool is in danger of drowning, and the loss of liberty is the sorrow of Nature.

A rich Court is a goodly sight, but he that looks up to Heaven will not care for the World.

When Old men are wilful, their wits are out of temper; and when Young men are wise, they are in the way to honour.

An old fore tries the skill of a Physician, and if he get a name he will quickly be rich.

The Fish in the River is not afraid of drowning, and if he play with a Bait, it will cost him his life.

An Ass hath long ears, and a Fox a long tail; but a tongue will be so long, that it will over-reach out of measure.

A neighing Horse is not good for a thief, and a questring Spaniel will not make a good Setter.

A Dog will rejoyce at the sight of his Master, when perhaps his

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his Mistress will frown at his coming home.

The bones of the dead break the heart of the living, when a poor Gamester loseth his money.

The idleness of the heart is tryed in adversity, and the doggedness of the mind in the height of prosperity.

When the Hare is in chase, fear makes her run, but when the Hounds are at fault, she hath time to get away.

He that plaies the Rogue in the morning, may be a villain until night; but if he be sorry when he goes to bed, he may rise an honest man.

He that is wounded in the heart, hath made an end of his days; but he that hath made a wound in the soul, knows not when to end his sorrow.

A Looking-glass will make a Fool proud of his beauty, but an Hour-glass will make a wise man remember his end.

The variety of Flowers makes the Spring beautiful, but the fair Harvest makes a fat Barn.

Tobacco smoke is very costly, but the ashes of it are good for a gall'd Horse back.

A proud Mechanick, will look over a Merchant, and a rich Churl will look like Bull-beef.

The wind is weak, yet it blows down great Oaks; and water is weak, yet it swallows up great ships.

A Worm-eaten Nut is not worth the cracking, and a cracked Jewel is not worth the wearing.

Money-masters are the pride of the market, but if you part without a pot, you are no good fellow.

A subtle bowler will have a shrewd aim, but if he miss his bials, his bowl may deceive him.

A dropping nose had need of a handkerchief, and a splay-footed woman is a beastly sight.

Time is never idle, but not ever well employed, when wit without government falls too fast upon folly.

He that hath many wounds, loseth much blood; and he that hath many quarrels, will have little quiet.

Unkindness is a cut to an honest heart, but a dogged wife is the hearts torture.

Wits Private Wealth.

He that salts his meat will keep it from stinking, and he that mortifies his flesh, may keep it from much sin.

He that hath an ill face, had need of a good wit, but money covereth many imperfections.

When the winds are down, the Sea will be calm, but quarrels begun are not easily ended.

Where there is much carrion, their will be store of Crows, and at the burial of a rich Man, there will be store of Beggars.

Threescore years and ten are a mans fair age, but after fourscore his strength is gone.

To wrastle with a Begger a man may get but a Lowse, and to brabble with a Scold, will make but a foul no se.

Many hands make quick work, but one is enough in a purse.

Good herbs make wholesome broth, but a filthy weed among them may mar all.

A Winters Summer makes an unkindly harvest, and Summers Winter is not healthful for Man.

A Cuckold is the scorn of Marriage, but a Wittal is a beast in Nature.

A finical fellow is like an Usher of a Dancing-school, and a demure Mistress like the picture of Hypocrisie.

Three chief things a Traveller had need to have a care of; his tongue, his purse, and his middle finger.

Three other chief things had all men need to look to; the soul, the body, and the estate.

To converse with Children is got little experience; but to talk with Fools is the abuse of wit.

Revenge is the villany of nature, and Tyranny the horror of reason.

What jest is in the nature of reverence, when men must put off their hats while their Masters are passing?

Use makes perfection in many things, else could not the Hangman be so nimble at the halter.

A skilful Physician knows how to use the Patient, and a cunning Lawyer to do with his Client.

He that hath a mint of money, and an idle woman to spend it, let him feed all her humours, and he shall soon see an end of it.

He

Wits Private Wealth,

He that reckoneth his Chickens before they be hatcht, may miss of his brood when the Hen leaves the nest.

When Geese fly together they are known by their cackling, and when gossips do meet they will be heard.

All earthly things have an end; but the torments of the wicked are endless.

In great extremities are tryed the greatest friendships, but when mans help faileth, God is a comfort.

The miseries of the World are many, but Gods mercies are infinite.

Hollow winds are a sign of rain, and a long Consumption is incurable.

The Gout and the Stone are two tickling diseases, but the Pox is a slight cure.

Hell gates, and a Whores apron, are ever open for wicked guests.

To the faithful there is no damnation, and to the damned no salvation.

A crafty Knave needs no Broker, and a swarling cur will bite behind.

Under simplicity is hidden much subtilty, and the Crocodiles tears are the death of a traveller.

The Chameleon liveth only in the air, and a Salamander lives only in the fire.

To traffick with vanity, is to run into misery, and Had I wist is an idle speech.

The world goes hard with pride, when a Lady lies at a red Lattice.

True Knights make Ladies, and counterfeit mar them.

Need makes a heavy shift, when a man pawns his cloths for his dinner.

When Taylors began to measure Lords Lands by the yard, then began Gentility to go down the wind.

When vanity brings toys to idleness, let wit beware of foolishness.

When a Soldiers pay is most in provant, he will hardly be led into a sharp piece of service.

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He that makes a holy-day of every day, makes an idle weeks work; and he that labours on the sabbath, will never have his work to prosper.

A Scholars commons make a short dinner, and yet he may be in more health than the Epicure.

An ill blast of wind will spoil a good plant, and a bitter frost is bad for fruit.

A poor man shuts his door to keep out the wind, but a rich man shuts his door to keep out beggars.

A kindly Collier is ever besmear'd, and a Smith and a Glass-maker are never out of the fire.

A Down-bed is soft to lye on, but yet it soaks the body more than a Matress.

Truth hath often much ado to be believed, and a lye runs far before it be stay'd.

To be busie with a multitude, is to incur trouble; and to fear Sparrow-blasting, is a pitiful folly.

When wit brings youth to beauty, and vanity brings pride to beggery, then reason seeth natures misery.

A sorry bargain makes a heavy soul, when the heart akes and cannot be help't.

Evil words are the worst part of eloquence, and he that breaks the peace must answer the Law.

Affability breeds love, but familiarity contempt.

He that is careless of his estate, may quickly prove a begger; and he that is fearless of G O D, will quickly prove a Devil.

Witches and Sorcerers do much hurt in a Common-wealth, but after the Gallows, they go to the Devil.

A Parrot well taught, will talk strangely in a Cage; but the Nightingale sings most sweetly in the Wood.

An unkind Neighbour is ill to dwell by, and an unwholesome body is ill to lye by.

A poysoned sword is a pestilent weapon, and he that useth it, hath a murderous heart.

A trotting Horse beats fore in hard way; but a resty Jade is a villanous beast.

Wise Private Wealib;

The wound of sorrow goes deep into the heart, but a Balles in the brain is a medicine for all diseases.

An ill weed grows fast, but a pair of shears will cut him down.

Judas treason was most abominable, and Job's patience most admirable.

Sweet fresh water is comfortable in a City, and the want of it is the plague of the people.

Study is the exercise of the mind, but too much of it may be a spoil of the brain.

When the saddle pincheth, how can the Horse travel? and when the wife lack money, their wits are in a poor case.

Howling dogs betoken death, and a Scritch-Owl at a window brings no good tidings to a house.

Babes will be stilled with lullaby, but an old fool will never be quiet.

The Sun is the Labourers Dial, and the Cock the Housewives Watch-man.

Diogenes Tub was a poor house; and yet Alexander would come thither to talk with him.

Many a Dog is hanged for his Skin, and many a man is killed for his purse.

He that loves not a woman, lacks a piece of a man; and he that loves too many, may be weary of his wooing.

The favour of the Earth makes the Plow-man hungry, and after a storm the Saylor's drink merrily.

A Wax-candle and a Watch are good for a Student; but if he want wit, he will be no great Scholar.

A private rebuke is a sweet correction; but an open punishment makes some shameless.

When Shepherds fall to be Huntsmen, the Wolf may be with their Flocks; and when the Warrener is at the Ale-house, his Conies may be stolen.

He that goeth softly, commonly goeth safely: but if he have haste of his way, he loseth much time.

Tis

This Private Will

It is soon enough, that is well enough, and never too late that
doth good at last.

The desire of doing well is accepted before God, but the neg-
lect of doing well deserveth his displeasure.

Sweet are the deceipts of love, but bitter is the taste of re-
pentance.

Who attendeth profit, is not sorry for patience, and the faith-
ful with the patient are best Travellers to Heaven.

A fair hand is a virtuous ornament, but a virtuous spirit is a
royal treasure.

A sharp wit hath a quick invention, but a judicious spirit hath
the best understanding.

He that trusteth words proveth hope, and he that serveth a
fool, loseth time.

Without valour Men are shadows: and without love Wo-
men tortures.

Delay is the grief of hope, but good never comes too late.

That is not to day may be to morrow, but yesterday will never
come again.

It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of God, but it is a
foul thing to shake hands with the Devil.

The greatest proof of folly is wilfulness, and the greatest
proof of wit is patience.

Too much reading is ill for the eye-sight, and too little read-
ing is ill for the In-sight.

Time slipped is unhappy, time lost is grievous, time well
taken shews care, but to employ it well is gracious.

And so much for this time.

Ham Deo

P I N I S.

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March, the 4th

ROGER L'ESTRANGE